

for her future, for he knew that his love had awakened hers, even though no intelligible word had passed between them. For love's language needs no interpreter.

He had a mother living in a small town up-state. He resolved to write to her, to ask her counsel, with a view to sending the girl home to learn English and to be put through an elementary schooling. He would not take advantage of her helplessness until she was in a position to marry him of her will. And he knew that only his mother would understand.

He had finished writing the letter on the tenth morning after her arrival. She was preparing lunch over the little gas stove in a corner of the studio. As Harned sealed the letter his eyes sought her. She was supremely beautiful in her simple dress, her long hair escaping over her shoulders from the knot which fastened it. At that moment the future looked very serene to him. He walked toward her and bent over her; she looked up and smiled at him. He drew her to him and enfolded her in his arms, and for the first time their lips met. And like a shy bird that had found its mate she nestled in his arms, as though that were her resting place, and she were never to leave it.

"I shall be back soon," he said as he put on his overcoat, and she smiled and nodded, just as though she understood. He took the letter to mail and one of his pictures under his arm. This he

designed for a certain dealer who purchased his work at a ridiculously low price; nevertheless, it would provide him with food for a month, and, possibly, if he were sharp at a bargain, with enough over for their fares to Hicksville, his mother's town. Then, kissing the girl again, he left the studio and emerged into the square.

As he crossed the street Harned became aware of a swarthy, sinister-looking man who, leaning against the rail which surrounded the park, watched him with a sort of malignant stare that struck him cold with apprehension. Harned hesitated, then, ridiculing his fears, he continued on his way, but more quickly. At the end of the street he paused. The man was still leaning against the rail. Harned now laughed at his terror. Obviously this was some Italian laborer out of a job; but the nervousness which the incident had produced revealed to him the abyss over which his happiness hung suspended. He resolved to get the girl to Hicksville as soon as possible. He was lucky enough to sell his picture at a satisfactory price, and departed homeward, blissfully ignorant that the dealer, who was accumulating Harned's work against the day of his fame, would gladly have paid him three times the price he had demanded.

The man was no longer leaning against the rail. Harned hurried into the house. As he did so he became aware that he was still clutching the unopened letter in